

LADY AETHLYNE

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(Continued.)

"To take them myself! Moreover it won't be any harm my being present in case the Colonel gets on the rampage. It will restrain him some. Now you go and lie down, dear. Don't say anything—except your prayers—in case you feel you must say something. But sleep will be your best help in this pretty tough proposition. I'll go and get a hustle on that Dutch landlord. He's got to find an automobile and a chauffeur, and a pilot if necessary."

CHAPTER XIX.

Declaration of War.
Joy Ogilvie was so tired out that her body lay like a log all night. How her mind was occupied she only knew afterwards. For the memory of dreams of an unconscious memory at the time is only when there is opportunity of comparison with actualities that dreams can be re-produced. Then, as at first, the dreamer's last—his or her forever—will memory lasts. Indeed regarding dreams and actualities one might almost appeal to scientific analogy; and in comparing the density of imagination—which is the kingdom of dreams—with the material world, might adduce the utterance of Sir Oliver Lodge in comparing the world of matter with that of matter in the modern scientific view: "Matter is turning out to be a flimsy thing in comparison with aether, or, as they call it, the medium of light."

That might well serve as a scientific comparison. Nay more, it might well be an induction. The analogies of nature are so marvelously constant, as exemplified by the higher discoveries in physics, that we might easily wander farther than in taking the inner world of thought and imagination, and the outer world of Physical Being, as an analogy to the Seen and Unseen worlds.

In the meantime we may take it that Joy's dreams that night were in some way reflective of the events of the day. No girl of healthy emotional power could fail to be influenced by such a sequence of experiences of passion and fear as she had gone through. The realized hope of love, the quick-awakening abandonment of expressed passion; long, long minutes of the bliss of communion with that other soul—minutes whose sweetness or whose length could not be computed until leisure of thought gave opportunity. Unconscious cerebration goes on unceasingly; and be sure that with such data as she had in her mind, the working of imagination were quick and by no means cold. Again she lived the moments of responsive passion; but so lived them that she had no sense of their being on the road to completed passion when her unconsciousness to physical surroundings began to disappear and on the senses the actualities began to consciously move themselves. The dawn, stealing in between the chinks of the folded shutters, made strange lines on the floor without piercing through the walls of sleep. The myriad sounds of waking life from distant field and surrounding street brought no message of weariness. The sun rose, and rose, and still she lay there unmoving.

At last that unaccountable impulse which moves all living things to sentiment at the ending of sleep, stirred her. The waking grew on her. At first, when her eyes partially opened, she saw, but without comprehending, the dim room with its low ceiling; the wide window, masked in with shutters showing through the walls of sleep. The myriad sounds of waking life from distant field and surrounding street brought no message of weariness. The sun rose, and rose, and still she lay there unmoving.

the windows in the morning because they faced directly other windows across a narrow street.

She remembered also that the next room, through which she had entered, had windows on two sides. Those on one side opened as did her own; but those on the other side looked out on an open space. And so, without further thought, she opened the door between and passed into the outer room. It too, like her own, was dark from the closed shutters. Instinctively she went softly, her bare feet making no sound on the carpet. With the same instinctive caution she had opened the door noiselessly; when the self-protective instinct had once been awakened, it does not easily relapse to sleep. She went over to one of the windows and tried to look out through the chinks. The day was bright outside and the sun shined; the fog had entirely disappeared. In the sudden desire to breathe the fresh morning air, and to free in the sunlight her soul cramped by the long darkness of fog and night, she threw open the heavy shutters. Aethlyne slept so sound that he never stirred. He lay on the sofa on his left side with his face out to the room. He too had been dreaming. In his dream the happiness of the day had brought a vivifying light. Through all the gloom of mind and matter came to his spirit the glow of those moments when he knew that his love was reciprocated; when his call to his mate had been answered—answered in a certain voice. And so he too, had lain with bodily nature all quiescent, whilst the emotional side of his mind raged freely between memory and expectation. And in due process the imaginative power of the mind had worked on the nerves—and through them on the body—until he too lay in a languorous semi-trance—the mind ranging free whilst the abnormally receptive body quivered in unison. It was a dangerous condition of being in which to face the situation which awaited him.

The sound of the opened shutter awakened him, fully and all at once. The moment his eyes opened he saw a figure between him and the window; and at the knowledge that some stranger was in his room the habit of quick action which had prevailed in his years of campaigning reasserted itself. On the instant he flung aside his blanket and sprang from his bed. Joy turned. The light streaming in through the unshuttered window showed them in completeness each to the other. The light struck Aethlyne full in front. There was instant recognition, even in the unaccustomed garb of that tall lithe form; of those fine aquiline features, of those dark flashing eyes. As to Joy, who was standing against the light made her own shadow, Aethlyne could have no doubt. He would have realized her presence in darkness and silence. As she stood in her fine linen, the morning light making a sort of nimbus round the opacity of the upper part of her body, she looked to him like some realization—some continuation in semi-ethereal form—of the being of his dreams. There was no pause for thought in either of the lovers. The instant of recognition was the realization of presence—unquestioning and the most natural thing in the world that the other should be there. Delight had sealed from within the ears of Doubt. Unhesitatingly they ran to each other, and before a second had passed were locked tightly in each other's arms.

In the secret belief of the Conventional world—that belief which is the result of the teaching of the churches of an artificial society, and not merely the world of Adam and Eve (and some others)—the ceremony of Marriage in itself changes the entire nature of the contracting parties. Whatever may have been the idiosyncrasies of these individuals such are forthwith changed. Prejudice, or otherwise altered to suit the common dominion of the world. Nature while alone it officially catalogued in the records of the Just. It were as though the recorded promise of two love-stricken lovers, sealed by the formal blessings of the Church in any of its differentiations—or of the Registrar—should change baser mortals to more angelic counterparts; just as the "Philosopher's Stone" which the medieval alchemist dreamed of and sought for, was expected to change baser metals to gold.

Perhaps it is because this transmutation is so complete that so many of those marriages which the Church does sanctify turn out so differently from the anticipations of the contractors and blessors! But Dame Nature has her own church and her own ritual. In her case the Blessing comes before the Service; and the Benediction is but the official recognition that two souls—two individual beings—have found a perfect communion for themselves. Those who believe in Human Nature—and many of them are seriously minded people—think they are thankful for the goodness of God who showers the possibilities of happiness with no stinting and no uncertain hand. "After all," they say, "what about Eden?" There was no church's blessing there—not even a Registrar; and yet we hold that Adam and Eve were united in Marriage. Nor were their children or their children's children made with organized formality. What was it then that on these occasions stood between fornication and marriage? What could it be but the Blessing of God! And if God could make marriage by His Blessing in Eden, when did He forget that power? Or if indeed there be only a "Civil Contract"—as so many told to-day—what profits or writings must be beyond that? What is the "marriage" contract which is recognized in such matters by the Law of the Land?

So the believers in natural religion and natural law—those who do hold that personal license, unchecked and boundless, is an anachronism or logic result of freedom. To these, freedom is in itself a state bounded on all sides by restrictive laws—as must ever be, unless Anarchy is held to be the ultimate and controlling force. And in the end Anarchy is the denial of all Cosmic law—that systematized congeries of natural forces working in harmony to a common end.

But law, Cosmic or Anarchic, (if there be such a thing and it may be that Hell—if there is one—has its own laws)—or any grade between these opposites, is a matter for coolness and reflection. Inter arma silent leges is a maxim of co-ordinate rulings in the Court of Cosmic law. And the principle holds whether the arms be opposed or locked together in any form of passion. When Love lifts the souls whose bodies are already in earth communion, Law ceases to be. From the altitude of accomplished serenity the mightiest law is puny; just as from a balloon the earth looks flat and even steeples and towers have no perspective.

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heaven of human life. Their circumstances but intensified the pleasure of the embrace. Aethlyne and Joy had both felt the same communion of spirits when they embraced side when their souls had met. This had been intensified when they sat in close embrace after lunch beyond Dairy, when heart consciously beat to heart. Now it was completed in this meeting, unexpected and therefore more free and unhampered by pre-arranged thoughts and intentions, when body met body in a close if tentative communion. The mere paucity of raiment had force and purpose. They could each feel as they hung together closely strained, the beating of each other's heart; the rising and falling of each other's lungs. Their mouths to mouth in such delicious rapture—for these two ardent young people loved each other with a love which both held to be but the very beginning of an eternal bond and which took in every phase, actual and possible, of human beings—there was place for no thought or after-thought. It was the hour of life which is under the guidance of Nature; to be looked forward to with keen if ignorant anticipation, and which is to be looked back on forevermore as a time when the very heavens opened and the singing of the Angelic choir came through unimpeded.

For seconds, in which Time seemed to stand still, they stood body to body and mouth to mouth. The first to speak was the man: "I thought you were in England by late in the evening—and you were there all the time!" He indicated the direction by turning his eyes toward her room. His words seemed to fire her afresh. Holding him more closely to her, she leaned back from her hips and gazed at him languorously; her words dropped slowly from her opened lips: "Oh—h! If we had only known!"

What exactly was in her mind she did not know—did not think of knowing—did not want to know. Perhaps she did not mean anything definite. It was only an expression of some feeling of some want, some emotion, some longing—some primitive utterance couched in words of educated thought as sweet and spontaneous as the singing of a bird in its native woods at springtime.

Somehow, it moved Aethlyne strangely. Moved the manhood of him in many ways, chief among them his duty of protection. It is not a commonly-received idea that man—not primitive man but the partially-completed article of a partially-completed cosmic age—is scrupulous with regard to woman. The general idea to the contrary effect is true in gross but not in detail. To a woman, not true of a woman. An educated man, accustomed to judgment and action in matters requiring thought, tanks, perhaps unconsciously, with him backwards as well as forward; but mainly forward. Present surroundings form his data; consequences represent the conclusion. Himself, rather than trial, an onlooker, until he is called on for immediate decision and consequent action.

So it was with Aethlyne. His instant ejaculation: "Thank God we didn't know!" would perhaps have been understood by a man. To a woman, after all, more primitive than man. Her instincts are more self-centered than his. As her life moves in a narrow groove, her view is rather microscopic than telescopic; whilst his is the reverse. Inasmuch then as he naturally surveys a larger field, so his introspective view is wider.

Joy loved the man; and so, since he had already expressed himself, considering as already her husband, to speak more accurately considered herself as already his wife. It was therefore, with something like chagrin that she heard his remarks. Her views. She did not herself quite understand what those views were, but all the same it was a disappointment that he did not see things from her point of view. He did not press them on his own account—press them relentlessly, as a woman loves a man to do, even when his wishes are opposed to her own.

A woman's answer to chagrin is ultimate victory of her purpose; and a champion of love, she realizes, the greatest passion with a purpose than can animate her.

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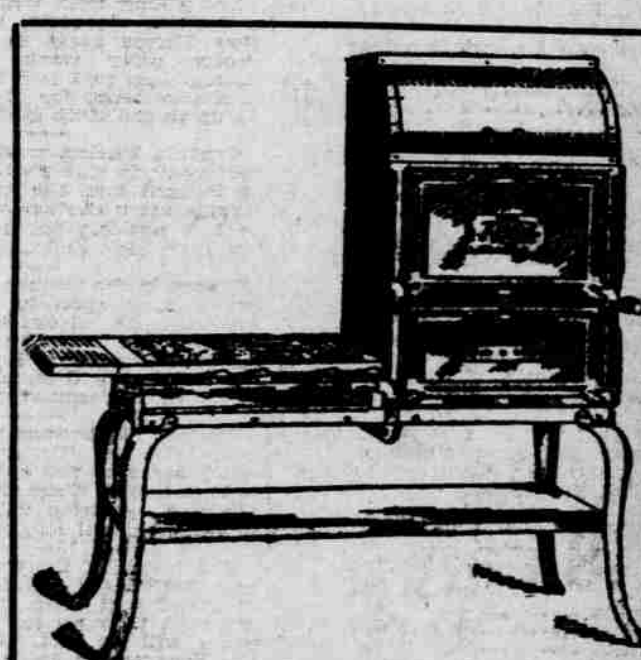
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GIRLS FOR SLEUTHS ENROLLED IN GERMANY

Berlin, May 5.—The police administration, convinced that many crimes can be best traced by women, is establishing a corps of women detectives.

NO JAP CAN BECOME AN AMERICAN CITIZEN

Norfolk, May 5.—The petition of Nanyo Bessho, a Japanese chief steward of the United States Navy, for naturalization, has been denied by Judge Edmund Waddill, Jr., of the United States Court for the Eastern District of Virginia.

COW BOY MAYOR CHOSEN AND LINCOLN GOES DRY

Omaha, Neb., May 5.—Omaha went Democratic in the municipal election yesterday by safe majorities for the leading candidates on the ticket, James F. Dahman, the "Cow Boy Mayor," leading with 4,000 plurality. This shows a gain of about 1,000 over his vote of three years ago.

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Fairfield County News.

Measles in Norwalk.
Measles are on the rampage in Norwalk. At the present time there are about forty cases on hand, and the malady has caused quite a scare.

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Dedication of Church.
Two years ago on the night of the first Monday of May, 1907, the people of Danbury watched the old First Congregational church disappear in a mass of flames. Monday the new church which has taken its place was dedicated. The church is of colonial design, constructed of red brick with marble trimmings. It is 113 feet long and 62 feet wide. The tower is 145 feet high and is capped by a gilded dome. In the highest part of the tower are electric lights. The interior of the building is pure white with mahogany trimmings and mahogany colored carpets, cushions and draperies. There is very little color, however, only the choir rail, pulpit furniture, tables and chairs, and the arms and rails of the pews being mahogany. The church has a normal seating capacity of 800. The total cost was about \$115,000. The church was organized in 1696.

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